

## BURY THEIR GOLD

Natives of East India Have No Use for Banks.

Vast Treasures Hidden and the Secret Confided to Those Who Cannot Divulge It.

Doctor Vogel, a former superintendent of the archeological survey in India, has been telling us that the preservation of public monuments in India is largely dependent on public opinion. It is due to the reverence and the religious spirit of the people that so much has escaped destruction, he says. But this spirit of reverence is responsible for more than the preservation of monuments; it is responsible for losses. Great treasures have vanished through fidelity and other qualities maintaining the secret of their hiding place.

It is the habit today of natives of India to bury gold. Only the year before the war it was authoritatively stated that nearly all the gold dug from the earth in South Africa is, by a fresh digging occupation, deposited again beneath the soil of India. That is what we may call a piecemeal operation; but imagine the operation conducted upon a wholesale scale!

Such things happened during the troublous days of war and conflict and raid which preceded British rule. A wealthy prince or merchant, fearing armed robbery, would deposit all his gold and jewels, not in his house or in a bank, for houses and banks could be pillaged like a bazaar; no, he concealed his riches in the earth, in caverns in the hills, among the haunts of tigers and poisonous snakes.

The practice was to entrust the secret of the deposit only to the poorest and lowliest, and that for various reasons. In the first place, there was the belief in native fidelity; then there was the expectation that people so poor would not covet rich treasure, and would be suspected if they did try to dispose of it; and, finally, there was the knowledge that people of such humble caste would not be allowed to converse with people of higher caste to whom the hoarded wealth would be of worth.

In this way the very outcasts of the people became guardians of wealth untold, hidden by their fleeing lords, who, often enough, did not survive the broils and battles to return and reclaim their buried property.

The late Sir Maurice Gerard, who spent many years in India and investigated the subject, declared that enormous treasures are buried in some of the old Indian hill forts. The guardians are dead and the secret is dead with them.

Sir Maurice himself knew of places to which treasure traditions cling. One fastness in the Goona district was that in which, during the Mahratta warfare days, the entire population of three villages, hiding with their possessions in a hill cave, were betrayed to enemies by the barking of dogs.

Refusing to surrender, the refugees were smoked to death by fires lighted at the entrance to their retreat. No native dare enter now for fear of the demons which are believed to haunt the place.

Several English dogs were once sent in to hunt through the enchanted cave. All disappeared. Several days later the smallest of the lot, a terrier, came out starving. The others had perished, but it is supposed that this one, falling down a fissure, had found its way to a jackal's home and scratched its way out to liberty.

### Not Exactly.

Aunt Jane, who was a spinster, came to visit her sister and family of four children. And from the very first auntie was very much given to offering advice to her sister on the way to feed, dress and treat her children generally. The sister listened in perfect good humor, but not so Sally, her efficient helper. And frankly, Sally said so. "Look here, Miss Jane," she began, "what do old maids like you and me know about raisin' children? We haven't never had none and a person has to have children to know how to raise them."

Aunt Jane smiled a tolerant smile. "Oh, not always, Sally," she returned. "Now, take those little chickens out there. Don't you think you know more than the mother? You feed—"

But Sally interrupted her. "Yas, ma'am, I feed them, if that's what you mean. But I hain't never yit taught any of them to scratch—have I?"—Indianapolis News.

### Owned or Controlled by Stinnes.

Vorwaerts publishes a list of the properties owned or controlled by Hugo Stinnes, German industrial magnate. These include: Four coal mining groups, owning and operating about 50 important mines; eight iron mines, four iron and steel corporations, owning 21 groups of furnaces, steel works or rolling mills; three paper and cellulose manufacturing companies, five printing and publishing houses and great newspaper firms. Seven electrical works and corporations, two motorcar factories, five shipping lines and importing and exporting businesses, in addition to a large number of inland transportation companies and newspapers.—From the Living Age.

### Not True to Type.

Actor—I pride myself my acting is true to life.

Friend—Then you'll never succeed. Villains in real life do not go around purring and smiling.—London Answers.

## CHARM IN OLD GRAVEYARDS

Pleasant Spots Where One May Meditate on the Fleeting Procession of Life.

There is a charm about old graveyards. They are to us, says the Springfield Republican, what mellow autumn afternoons cannot express. They are deserted old houses, haunted by former owners. In them is the reminder of other days that makes up the atmosphere of old theaters where many famous Hamlets and Lady Tenzles have trod the boards. There one can follow "the hourly chronicle of the ages" back to the beginning of time.

There are little graveyards by the sea with waving grasses and wild cinnamon pinks where sea captains are laid to rest. There are others shut off from the business section of large cities by gates that close at sundown, where the founders of the city find peace after their labors. Into these secluded spots perit Twentieth-century stenographers go to eat their noonday lunch and discuss their new hats and new beaux, with only an occasional one more imaginative than her friends to give a thought to the long dead and ponder on the fleeting procession of life. There are still other graveyards with clipped hedges and formal garden plots, reminiscent of the clipped and patterned lives that have been carefully laid away there to rest. Hedged in by convention all their lives and shadowed by cypress—hedges and cypress are their lot after death.

However graveyards differ, they are all a friendly resting place for the idle wanderer or the vagabond poet. A pleasant picture that of young Walter Pater going to the graveyard and singing Greek songs to the birds there. Pleasant, too, the picture of Thomas Gray writing his elegy in a country churchyard.

Beware, however, the modern graveyard. Where granite stands up glistening in the sun, where flowers are fresh on new-made graves, and funeral processions may be met, is not the place to wander in. There grief is too near and too new. Choose a God's acre where the grass is overgrown, where weeping willows and grinning cherubs decorate the stones, and where the last line of the epitaph is sunk into the ground. Every graveyard has at least its old part, mellowed by the passing of time.

### Probably Fastest Running Animal.

One of the fastest as well as one of the most interesting animals known is the cheetah, the hunting leopard of India. These animals, on account of the great speed which they attain, are tamed by the Indians and trained to hunt antelopes. While the hunted antelope, which can clear a 10-foot fence without apparent effort at a single leap, is at the height of a burst of frightened speed the cheetahs are released. They stretch along the ground, gaining on the antelopes every second, and finally bring them down with a well-timed bound which places the fangs of the cheetah in the throat of the quarry. The hunters at once cut the throat of the antelope, and the cheetah drinks the blood. Next the thigh of the antelope is slit open and the cheetah tears away a small portion of the game he has captured. This is his reward. His muzzle is replaced, and he is placed in his cage until the next hunt.

While the cheetah is known as a leopard, he is not a true feline. He has the arching body of a greyhound and the feet of a dog, while his head is distinctly that of a cat. The animal is rarely seen in the public zoological collections for the reason that he soon dies because of the lack of exercise.

### Great Hotel Is Uncompleted.

If our civilization passes, Martians of the future who explore the site of Twentieth century London will wonder at the steel skeleton of frames and girders, seven stories high that rises above Piccadilly.

The structure was started seven years ago. It was intended to be the Park Lane hotel and would have been one of the most elegant and best situated hotels of England. But since the outbreak of the war not a stroke of work has been done on the structure. Today it stands just as it stood when the last workman left it in 1914.

The year 1921, with tight money, labor troubles and high costs, is not a good time to start building expensive hotels. No buyers are in sight, and it is improbable that any will appear.

### Chickens Singed With Acetylene.

One of the most recent uses for acetylene is for singeing chickens. It is said that the acetylene flame, properly used, performs this operation in a small fraction of the time usually required, that it removes the last vestige of feathers from the fowl, and that the burning off is accomplished without scorching the skin or heating the delicate flesh.

This is no more remarkable than the use of acetylene in removing paint from canvas, which is done without even the slightest injury to the fabric.—Popular Science Monthly.

### Modernness of the Ancients.

We have only to turn back the pages of history to discover that the ancients had some very modern notions.

Mr. E. W. Hulme pointed out before the Newcomen society, recently organized in England to study the history of engineering and technology, that in the great Palace of the Two Axes in Crete there was a system of water-carried sewage and terra cotta socketed drain pipes that could not be paralleled prior to the present day.

## FAIRFIELD COUNTY NEWS

TOLD BY CORRESPONDENTS  
(Continued from page two.)

day, July 1. Hugh took the examination for Clemson.

The boll weevil is abroad in the land. Some think they will be able to control them, while others declare they have already destroyed the crop.

### LEBANON.

Misses Ruth and Iona Ash, of York, are visiting Miss Bessie Turner.

Messrs. John Y. and W. K. Turner spent Monday in Columbia on business.

Miss Merrell Turner is visiting in Lancaster, with Mrs. J. E. Funderburk.

Miss Johnnie Ruth Turner has returned from a visit to Mrs. J. L. Burgess, of Columbia.

Mr. Davis Lever, of Blythewood, spent part of the week with Mr. and Mrs. W. K. Turner.

Misses Dorothy and Belle Turner are at home, after a ten days' stay in Greenville.

Mr. Earle Turner spent Monday in Columbia.

The Christian Endeavor Society enjoyed a social given Friday night at the home of Mrs. Maggie B. Turner. Sandwiches and iced tea were served.

### MITFORD.

Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Ligon spent Monday with the Ligans.

Mr. H. S. O'Tuel spent Wednesday at Great Falls.

Mrs. J. S. Glass spent Thursday with Mrs. J. M. Smarr.

Mr. and Mrs. H. S. O'Tuel have returned to their home in Gibson.

Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Keistler spent the day at Great Falls Friday.

Mrs. Mollie Dye has gone to Rossville to visit her relatives.

Miss Mary Thomasson and two friends, of Rock Hill, spent a few days with her mother this week.

Mrs. Jane Dixon and family spent Thursday with Mrs. Jackson.

Mrs. J. S. Glass spent Saturday with Mrs. W. S. Keistler.

Mrs. J. T. Thomasson has gone to Sumter to stay a while with her daughter, Mrs. R. S. Cherry.

Mr. and Mrs. M. E. Dye, of Rich-

burg, spent the day with her father Sunday.

Master Jeff Outlaw spent the afternoon Sunday with the Ligans.

Mrs. Keistler and family spent Wednesday in Rossville.

The water melons are ripening fast.

### HILLCREST.

Mr. Oscar Lemmon has returned from a visit to Hamer.

Miss Cora McDowell spent a few days in the neighborhood recently.

Mr. and Mrs. Wilds and Mr. and Mrs. Smith, of Longtown, spent the Fourth with Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Lemmon.

Messrs. Geo. and Young Park and Jack Lemmon went fishing on Little river lately and brought home some extra large fish.

Mrs. Glenn Park, of Charleston, has been on a visit to Mrs. Dave W. Park.

Rev. Swicord, of Salem, visited in the community last week.

Master Shaw Park spent Tuesday with Bob Lemmon and enjoyed school time talks and games.

### WOODWARD.

Mrs. Bishop came up from Beaufort a few days ago to visit her daughter, Mrs. J. L. Brice.

Mrs. Matilda Brice, who has been spending the summer with her sons, Wilson Brice, of Columbia, Dick and Wade Brice, of Wedgefield, is now visiting Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Nicholson.

Miss Lila Nicholson has returned from Sullivan's Island, where she spent six weeks.

Wade Stewart has returned to Charleston, after spending a week at the home of his mother, Mrs. Robert McIlroy.

Miss Ruth McIlroy, who left Ireland three weeks ago, has arrived, and will make her home with her father, Mr. David McIlroy.

Miss Flora Burns is the guest of her sister, Mrs. W. M. Reid.

Mrs. John Patrick and little daughter, of Columbia, are the guests of Mr. W. M. Patrick.

Miss Marie Brice and James Brice motored down from York with their father, Mack Brice, and are spending some time at the home of A. H. A. W. and T. W. Brice.

Mrs. J. F. Coleman, Misses Marie

and Elizabeth Brice, Joe and James Brice spent Tuesday morning in Winnsboro.

Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Nicholson and son have returned from a week's visit to Angus Nicholson, Jr., at Auburn.

William Banks Patrick, Joe Brice, James Brice and Miss Elizabeth Brice attended the picnic at Great Falls last Friday.

Mr. Robert McIlroy and family spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. David McIlroy.

Miss May Weir is spending some

time at the home of Mrs. Macie Brice.

Rev. Kennedy, of Blackstock, made a splendid talk Sunday evening at the Christian Endeavor meeting at Concord church.

Mesdames J. F. Coleman, Sam Brice and Bert Brice attended the reception at White Oak Tuesday evening, given by Mrs. Matthew Patrick for Mrs. Killough Patrick and Mrs. Ballard.

Th July meeting of the Book Club

(Continued on seventh page)

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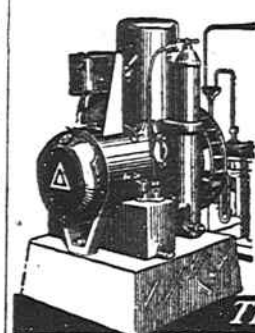
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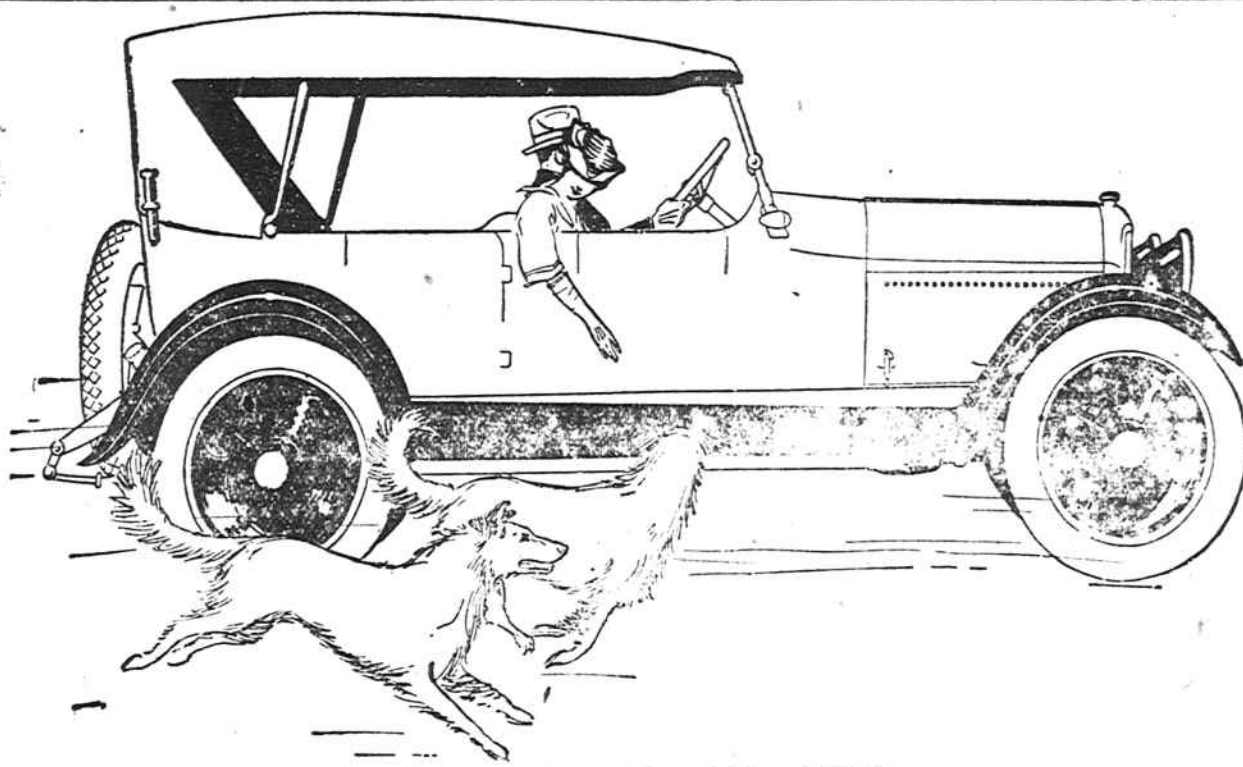
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